

THE CIRCULATION OF THE
Gazette and Stockman
IS CONSTANTLY INCREASING.

Reno Evening Gazette.

ALL THE LATEST
Telegraphic News!
IN THE
DAILY GAZETTE

VOL. XXVI.

RENO, WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1889.

NO. 117.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN OLD SALT'S YARN.

How Peter Johnson Was Used as a Flag to Stop a Leak on Shipboard.
Old Peter Johnson, a familiar "landmark" of South street, and who, in the memory of the oldest deck hand in this city, has never been known to stir away from his seat on an old box at the corner of South street and Coe's slip, tells the New York Evening Star a most remarkable tale of the troubles through which he had to pass to become an American citizen, and to run away from his birthplace in Sweden.

It seems that Peter, whose name is not Peter at all, but some thing in which all the letters in the alphabet are combined, was born in a little hamlet in Sweden. Ever since he first read a translation of "Robinson Crusoe," at the age of ten, Peter had a violent passion for the sea. One day he heard of America. He asked how far off this great land might be, and his father replied that it was on the other side of the great Irish sea and across the Atlantic. The next day Peter made up a little bundle of necessities and started across the glorious El Dorado. He reached Lois, a small fishing port on the coast of Sweden.

Walking along the wharves he saw a bark of about eight hundred tons that was advertised to start for New York that very day. He had never heard of New York, but as he clambered over the piles of the little ship he blindly hoped that it was somewhere near his goal. On board he found all deserted. By accident Peter stumbled into the hold of the ship. He crept himself among a number of barrels, and as he was very tired, he fell asleep. About ten hours afterward he was awakened by a peculiar clanking noise. The ship was rolling horribly. Her wooden sides were being strained to the utmost extent, and Peter's heart stood still.

"Well, the end of it is," said the old man last evening to the writer, "that I went on deck. I was a mighty sick fellow, I can tell you. But I wasn't too sick to see that something horble had happened. The cap's stood near the wheel looking hopelessly toward shore, and didn't even notice me. The sea was runnin' high. A heavy gale had caught us to leeward and we had sprung a leak. Our ship was pretty fast and we were out of sight of land. The leak was a big one and our ship was fillin' fast. All the men were at work at the pumps, but the water was gainin' on 'em and they were losin' heart and hope. When the cap saw me he didn't fire off and call-tail me. No; he just caught me by the shoulder here and he just looked up to Heaven thus way, and he just said, 'Thank God!' sorta happy like.

"Then he hurried me down into the hold and then he said somethin' to one of the men as was at the pumps. The man went away, but he soon come back 'n told me that all was right. Then the cap took me down into the bow of the old hulk. That's wher' she'd sprung a leak. Ther' was a hole 'bout the size of your body on the starboard side. The cap's, and the man then catched me up, an' mates, would you believe it? they just stuck me in there, up to my armpits, and did n't care if they didn't! It was mighty uncomfortable to me, but it was the water from flowin' in. After a while the water was all pumped out, an' then the carpenter fixed the hole. For my part of the work the cap's gave me faint passage and here I am."

And then Peter Johnson closed his teeth on an old clay pipe, nor would he open them again to say one word in explanation of his strange adventure.

A CHEMICAL RACKET.

It Was Good, But Didn't Work to Every Body's Satisfaction.

Said a druggist to a Chicago Tribune reporter: "A commercial traveler whose business is selling baking-powder of a low grade was in a quandary what to do. His customers saw the analytic comparison by diagrams in newspapers and naturally would want the purest. In his dilemma he came to me to ask if I could not put up some chemical dodge on the other fellows to get even for the advertisement. I mixed him a compound and gave him strict instructions how to use it. By a little sleight-of-hand trick he could pour the contents out of a bottle into a glass of water and it would turn black or green, as he desired. I advised him to call for the green color when professing to analyze any of the admittedly purest baking-powders, but when testing those which rivaled his own imperfect goods then he should shake the water until it was black as ink. Of course, you understand his own powder would always call for the green color.

"I didn't see my friend for some time afterward, and then I was surprised to see him carrying a grip of shoe samples. He told me he had quit selling baking-powder, that there was nothing in the business and that he had a better thing of it in shoes."

"How did the chemical racket work?" I asked.

"Don't say anything about it—that confounded thing bust up the whole business."

"How was that?" I inquired.

"Well, if you won't give me away I'll tell you. You see I went into a store where I had never shopped before and saw a number of packages of various baking powders hanging on the walls. I commenced the usual story about the superiority of our goods over all competitors, and when the proper time came produced my bottle of mixture and asked for a spoonful of each kind of powder they had in stock."

"The clerk smiled rather wickedly as he gave it to me, but I didn't wrinkle worth a cent. I went through the whole magic performance, turned one black, another green, another dark green, and so on, when a man stepped out from behind the counter."

"What blamed foolishness is this?" he asked, rather savagely.

"I assured him that it was a chemical test which had cost the house thousands of dollars to have made."

"Chemical fiddlesticks! Leave your samples right here, sir," he added, "and I will write Mr. Smith (the cashier at our house) to pay your salary due and you may go. I am Dr. ——"

"Great Scott!" Here was the inventor of the baking-powder himself—my employer whom I had never seen, and I had been trying to work the cheap Jack dodge on him. Every ounce of the powder I had been experimenting upon was our own manufacture."

Sales of Public Lands.

For the fiscal year 1887-8 the sales of public lands in this country amounted to \$11,000,000, compared with \$9,000,000 for the year previous, and \$5,000,000 for each of the two preceding years. As early as 1886, says the New York Commercial Bulletin, the land sales rose nearly to \$9,000,000, but then fell off and went as low as \$152,000 in 1882, and never rose above \$4,000,000 again for twenty years. In 1882 they again reached nearly \$5,000,000; in 1883, nearly \$8,000,000; in 1884, nearly \$10,000,000, and then after two years at \$5,000,000 they began to rise, and for the year just closed reached their highest mark.

ANDREW BENSON
Eureka Livery and Feed Stables.

W. H. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
IN Hay and Grain.

Corner Fourth and Sierra Streets,
RENO, NEVADA.

Shipping and feed caravans and scales for
weighing all kinds of live stock.

Send for circular, \$1 per copy.

ABSTINENCE MED. CO. OROVILLE, CAL.

For Sale by Osborn & Shoemaker. Wholesale and Retail.

The Gazette and Stockman. The Best Weekly in the State.

PAUL!

Registered French Percheron

No. 5, 704 Percheron Stud Book of France.

No. 187, Percheron Stud Book of America.

S. E. ROBERTS, Proprietor,

CARSON CITY, NEVADA.

This horse has proved a very
sure colt-getter and a remarkably
strong breeder. His colts are large, smooth
and hardy. Persons interested in
improving their stock are invited to call and inspect
this horse at the Holstein Ranch and secure engagements for the spring season.

jan 28/3

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Reno Evening Gazette

Published every evening except Sunday

ALLEN C. BRAGG, Proprietor

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
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the Reno (per week) 25
RATES OF ADVERTISING:
Daily, one square for one month \$2.50
Weekly, one square for one month 1.25
The above rates include both legal and
commercial work.

Saturday, February 16, 1889

5 O'CLOCK EDITION.

A Patent Sermon for a Practical People.

The mission of journalism is a theme upon which much has been written from first to last, and yet it is one that is far from being exhausted. Interwoven as it is with all the affairs of a civilized people, it is justly entitled to their earnest consideration. It is not our purpose at this time to dilate upon this subject; but an idea bearing upon it does occasionally find its way into our mental storehouse, and once there it "rests uneasy at the head that wears a crown," until it gets out.

It may be accepted as true, that the character of a local journal is the measure of the enterprise of the town in which it is published. A wide-awake, go-ahead people will not tolerate a wishy-washy, vapid newspaper. Nor will a keen-witted, enterprising publisher waste his energies and his money in a dead or moribund town. A generous and appreciative public and a well-conducted paper must co-exist in a community that is thoroughly prosperous.

Gauged by this rule, Reno may be set down as a tolerably prosperous town. Its citizens, as a body, are intelligent and appreciative, and it has at least one live journal—our spicy morning contemporary. Of the GAZETTE, our modesty forbids us to speak, further than to say that our best and continuous efforts will be employed to place it in the van, and keep it there. But it is not enough to be passably good, passably virtuous, or passably useful in this progressive age; we reach for the superlative. Onward and upward are the talismanic words that lead to greatness. The successful general follows up a victory. Apply this maxim to your town and to your individual affairs. Don't sleep on laurels won, when there are so many agencies at work to wrest them from you. Strike for further conquests, and remember that your best weapons are your local journals.

If you would learn what is transpiring anywhere on this little planet of ours, read the Morning Journal or the EVENING GAZETTE, or both. If you would have the world know who you are, where you are and what you are doing, advertise. If you have an article to sell and seek a buyer, advertise. If you are in want of a thing and don't know where to look for it, advertise. In short, advertise every thing in which the general public is interested.

We are aware that the editor is a near approach to the saint who watches over human destinies; that it is he who champions the right and fights the wrong, and we take this occasion to remind our friends that in this, as in all great wars, the "sinews of war" are needed to insure success. See the point?

We are not insensible to the many favors extended to the GAZETTE by the people of Nevada during its existence under the present management. Our success has exceeded our highest expectations. But we are not content to rest so long as there is a higher plane to be reached or a broader field to work in. Our field shall widen as our opportunities grow, or, in plainer English, our diligence and our usefulness shall increase as our facilities and our patronage increases.

We have tried to make clear the obligations which should exist between the citizens of a town and its local papers. What we have said in behalf of the latter applies with much, though perhaps not equal, force to the mechanic, the merchant and the professional man of your town. As citizens of the same town there is a mutuality of interests which are best subordinated by co-operative effort. If you want a pair of boots, patronize your local boot-maker.

If you need any article of trade or traffic not manufactured in your town, go to some one of your local merchants. They are all up with the times and keep everything required, from a button to a bridal trousseau. Don't run down to "the city by the sea," at the risk of

catching the measles, the whooping cough, the cholera infantum, or something worse, with the fallacious idea that you will save a nickel or get a better article. If you are "kilt and want law," don't go abroad for a lawyer. We can name a half-dozen here whose heads are filled with the subtle fluid, and this they will dispense with an ease and grace that will cause you to wish you had been born with a lawsuit on your hands—all men whose staying qualities will be limited only by the pesos in your pocket and the sand in your crop. If, perchance, you should require the services of a physician or surgeon, and have as much as a backbone left to build upon, you need not go out of Reno to find the one you want. And lastly, if "in the course of human events," you should need any job printing done, any cards, circulars, bill heads, posters or pamphlets, come to the GAZETTE office. By doing this your slumbers will be restful, your dreams ecstatic, and you will be solid with all the saints.

If some of the sisters will start the tune, we will now unite in singing that favorite old hymn, so applicable on this occasion:

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land."

ANOTHER week of the fourteenth session of the Nevada Legislature has closed and still nothing done.

The McAuliffe-Meyers Bill.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—The dispatches from Milwaukee says that McAuliffe is desirous of having another fight with Meyers in San Francisco, under the auspices of the California Athletic Club. "If that institution will put up a purse we will fight for the stakes now up, and a purse besides; that will be a nice little pot," he says. In the meantime, while the two gladiators are trying to arrange for a whack at the San Francisco sports' dollars, the Chicago contingent continues to denounce the so-called Indiana fight.

The Tribune has the following interview with a well-known man who attended the fight: "I have often wondered how long the people would consent to be gullied. Prize fighting is a queer fake. There never was a sporting event, except a special horse race stake, when as much as \$4,000 was put up to stay. It is pulled down within an hour after the time it goes up. They all talk about Billy Madden's bad management; I tell you it is the smoothest duck, next to Pat Sheedy, in the sporting line, so far as making money is concerned. But about the fight; there was no fight; there was no intention of having a fight. The boys went down there for the gate money. They are now talking about having another fight. Well, the suckers will bite again."

Windom Smiled.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—The Commercial Advertiser prints the following interview with ex-Senator Windom of Minnesota:

"I cannot deny or affirm that I am going into General Harrison's Cabinet, but I will say that when I return to New York the Cabinet slate will be made out completely."

"Does that mean that after the Secretary of the Treasury is selected that the rest of the Cabinet will fall into line without any friction?"

"That is just the amount of it; but you must not understand me to say that I am the man who will clear up the Cabinet situation." Windom smiled as he made this remark.

Wants an Explanation.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—The Sun has an article this morning criticising the management of the Illinois Central Railroad by Vice-President Harriman, or both. If you would have the world know who you are, where you are and what you are doing, advertise. If you have an article to sell and seek a buyer, advertise. If you are in want of a thing and don't know where to look for it, advertise. In short, advertise every thing in which the general public is interested.

We are aware that the editor is a near approach to the saint who watches over human destinies; that it is he who champions the right and fights the wrong, and we take this occasion to remind our friends that in this, as in all great wars, the "sinews of war" are needed to insure success. See the point?

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HORRIBLE MURDERS.

Four Women Shot Down by a Drunken Brute.

A BIG FIRE AT MONTREAL.

Over a \$1,000,000 Worth of Property Destroyed.

THE LATEST FROM SAMOA.

Arrival of the American, Keith, at San Francisco.

ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES TO THE GAZETTE.

Murder of Four Women.

MASON CITY, Iowa, Feb. 16.—Meager details of a dreadful tragedy at Glenview, Minn., reached here this morning. Three young ladies went to the home of an old couple to spend the evening. At nine o'clock they started home, and had scarcely stepped outdoors when they were shot down by two ruffians. The old gentleman started to go for help, and, while gone, the fiends entered the house and killed the old lady.

Joseph Chemelke, 19 years old, was the murderer of the three women. His victims were Mrs. Phillip Chemelke, his sister-in-law, her sister Mary and their mother. Joe has been on bad terms with his brother's family. He got drunk last night and laid in wait for them. When the three girls came out of the house he shot them down, and went into the house and killed the old lady. The country round about is aroused, and young Chemelke will be lynched. One of the girls is dead and the others will die.

Three Children Suffocated.

POTT HURON, Mich., Feb. 16.—Last night Mrs. Beeler's children, aged two, four and six years, set fire to the house in her absence. Two were suffocated and the other is not expected to recover.

Select Gathering.

CHICAGO, February 16.—It is reported that Meyers and McAuliffe will fight in private to-night before a select company, who will pay roundly for the privilege of seeing the mill.

THE VOTE CANVASSED.

A Decided Majority Against Nearly All the Amendments.

The Board of Commissioners met this afternoon and canvassed the vote cast at the special election, with the following result:

No. 1.	Yes.	No.
No. 2.	468	437
No. 3.	430	467
No. 4.	393	500
No. 5.	390	489
No. 6.	402	520
No. 7.	429	470
No. 9.	420	495
No. 19.	443	446
No. 20.	428	456
No. 22.	303	711
No. 23.	657	499
No. 24.	622	381
No. 25.	350	568
No. 27.	373	482

It will be seen that number 1 carried by 37 majority, No. 23 by 158 and No. 24 by 241, while the lottery amendment was defeated by 408. The vote at Incle brought the original figure down.

SAFE CRACKERS.

H. H. Beck & Co.'s Safe Blown Open.

Safe crackers blew Beck & Co.'s safe open again last night, but did not get anything of great value. The smaller safe was blown open, but they did not succeed in getting into the larger one, but they destroyed the lock so that a blacksmith had to be called to open it. From the tracks in the snow, Beck concludes that Sam Davis of the Carson Appeal had something to do with it.

General R. M. Clarke is in town today.

The Elko canvass shows 406 votes against the lottery amendment.

TO THE TRADE.

A Terrible Crime.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Feb. 16.—A horrible crime is reported from Bertie county. Jacob Fauett, wife and a child one year old live near Mt. Olive. They had three negro women servants. Last Wednesday they had a row with their neighbors about a trivial matter, in which Fauett and wife and the negro women took part. Wednesday night Fauett was compelled to be away from home, and during the night several masked men entered the cabin, split open the heads of the mother and child with an axe and then killed two of the negroes. The third escaped and brought the news here. After the killing, the cabin was fired, and yesterday the charred remains of the poor victims were recovered from the ashes.

Opposed to Paying Taxes.

CHURCH'S FERRY, D. T., Feb. 16.—The Sheriff has had another tussle with the half-breeds in attempting to collect taxes. Yesterday he seized some horses belonging to a half-breed, but was overtaken before reaching town by an armed band of fifteen half-breeds, who took the horses and rode off. Late last night Company A of the Dakota National Guards, accompanied by the Sheriff, went to Dunith, and will attempt to arrest those engaged in the scrimmage.

The Parnell Commission.

LONDON, Feb. 16.—In Soames' testimony before the Parnell Commission he said that Labouchere, in an interview, said the total amount of money which he paid Pigott was £50. He said he would not disclose anything regarding the alleged attempt to bribe Pigott until he went into the witness box.

Appeal Refused.

DUBLIN, Feb. 16.—The Judges of the Court of Appeals refused to grant an order of appeal to William O'Brien against a recent sentence to four months' imprisonment for an offense under the Crimes Act.

Three Children Suffocated.</

Reno Evening Gazette

WEATHER OBSERVATIONS.

Agricultural Experiment Station, for February 14, 1889.

	7 A. M.	1 P. M.	9 P. M.
Barometers.....	25.046	25.066	25.059
Temperature*.....	21.8	24.6	20.8
Relative humidity*..	65.4	73.2	64.4

16 inches. "In degrees.	Percent.
Mean barometer (inches).....	25.064
Mean temperature.....	22.0
Mean relative humidity (percent).....	67.0
Maximum temperature.....	25.2
Minimum temperature.....	20.5
Range of temperature.....	14.7
State of weather.....	cloudy
Precipitating winds.....	southwest
Total precipitation (inches).....	.00

Agricultural Experiment Station, for February 15, 1889.

	7 A. M.	1 P. M.	9 P. M.
Barometers.....	25.028	25.049	25.045
Temperature*.....	16.9	24.5	6.8
Relative humidity*..	71.9	75.9	68.8

16 inches. "In degrees.	Percent.
Mean barometer (inches).....	25.014
Mean temperature.....	22.0
Mean relative humidity (percent).....	71.0
Maximum temperature.....	27.1
Minimum temperature.....	20.5
Range of temperature.....	16.6
State of weather.....	cloudy
Precipitating winds.....	southwest
Total precipitation (inches).....	.00

Condition of the weather at the points named at 7 o'clock this morning:

Ogden—Partly cloudy, north wind; 16 degrees above zero.

Carlin—Clear, calm; 10 degrees above zero.

Battle Mountain—Partly cloudy, calm; 10 degrees above zero.

Winnemucca—Clear, calm; 10 degrees above zero.

Humboldt—Clear, calm; 14 degrees above zero.

Reno—Partly cloudy, calm; 14 degrees above zero. At 12 m. 25.8.

United States Signal Service predictions for the twenty-four hours beginning at 12 m. to-day: Fair weather, nearly stationary temperature.

W. McN. MILLER, Observer.

Saturday.....February 16, 1889

JOTTINGS.

For all kinds of the best family groceries go to J. N. Wallace's place, next to the Nevada bank.

An extra fine lunch at J. J. Becker's Chicago saloon to-morrow, which with a big glass of beer, costs only 12½ cents.

To-morrow will be the day in the week when you want to take your family to the Depot Hotel for their Sunday dinner.

If you want to get the full worth of your money patronize C. A. Thurston for your note, letter, foolscap and legal cap paper.

Experience has demonstrated the fact that none but iron-frame pianos will stand this dry climate—C. J. Brooks has them.

By taking a seat in one of C. Coleman's barber chairs, the shabbies rounder in town can be made to look passably respectable.

Under the intelligent management of the present proprietor, James Killean, the Pollard house has established an enviable reputation.

The remark is often heard that it is difficult to understand how Cooper of the Pioneer Hotel can furnish such meals for twenty-five cents.

To-morrow will be a good time to go to George Becker's Granite saloon for a nice hot soup lunch and a glass of fine beer as you ever imbibed.

Don't forget that in the Grand Restaurant, Reno has as fine a resort for those wanting a first-class meal as can be found this side of San Francisco.

W. R. Chamberlain of the Riverside Hotel never fails to have an extra fine dinner on Sunday, so go there to-morrow for as good a meal as you ever eat.

A bath in one of John Belz's spacious porcelain tubs is a luxury that all should enjoy at least once a week. His tonsorial work cannot be excelled anywhere.

Tourists.

Whether on pleasure bent or business, should take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Fig, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

Nipped in the Bud.

Is it not better to nip consumption, the greatest scourge of humanity, in the bud, than to try and stave its progress on the brink of the grave? A few doses of California's most useful production, Santa Abie, the King of Consumption, will relieve, and a thorough treatment will cure. Nasal catarrh, too often the forerunner of consumption, can be cured by California Cat-R-Cure. These remedies are sold and fully warranted by Osburn & Shoemaker at \$1, or three for \$2.50.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertising druggists a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping cough, croup, and etc. etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon.

Try bottles free at S. J. Hodgkinson's Drug store.

Notice!

Having completed our inventory, we have concluded to sell our entire stock of dress goods, cloaks, carpets, lace curtains and blankets at whole-sale cost, for the purpose of making room for our Spring stock.

S. ENRICH,

Of the Nevada Cash Store.

THE LEGISLATURE.

Another Week Idled Away and Nothing Accomplished.

CARSON CITY, Feb. 15, 1889.

EDITOR GAZETTE: Owing to the special election on last Monday and the awaiting of returns, a dull week has been the effect. The lottery advocates, particularly in Carson, have been positively insulating to those that even dared to object to the scheme in the slightest manner, even accusing parties of having received money from the Louisiana people to defeat the measure. It is, however, a poor rule that won't work both ways, and the view that is taken here by many sensible people is that it was a grand sell-out scheme by the projectors, providing the Louisiana people failed to have their charter renewed, and as a matter of speculation the scheme was a good one, as it is pretty well understood that the charter of the Louisiana Lottery will never be renewed by that State. The Carson advocates, with the Appeal as their champion, have openly vowed that they have it in Reno, and intend to use what little energy they have left to defeat any measure appropriating money to State institutions at Reno, or any other measure that might be a benefit to Washoe county. It is the old Carson whine—Washoe knifing Carson and Ormsby county—and is looked upon and considered as ridiculous by a majority of the members of the Legislature.

The Good Templars of Reno had a supper and dance the Nevada Theater last evening, which was greatly enjoyed by all present.

A seedy looking individual helped himself to a dozen fine shirts that were piled up in front of Jamison's dry goods store this morning.

BREVITIES.

Loyal and General Intelligence.

R. H. Lindsay's little daughter is reported better.

Yesterday the Legislature adjourned over until Monday.

Last evening's west bound overland was two hours and a half late.

There are said to be six cases of pneumonia at the County Hospital.

Edward T. Smith and Edward Jones have been indicted for burglary in Elko county.

A patient, whose name was not learned, died at the county hospital this morning.

Cornelius Donovan, an inmate of the Humboldt county hospital, has been declared insane.

A band of five hundred cattle were recently driven from Modoc county, Cal., to the Sacramento Valley.

A Sutro teamster was fatally injured on the 14th inst. by a fall from his wagon, which fractured his skull.

The delinquent tax-list of Nevada county, Cal., covers nine and a half columns of the Nevada Transcript.

Madame Urbain's concert last evening was greatly enjoyed by those capable of appreciating first-class music.

In the Savings Bank case of Frey et al. vs. Thompson, the Supreme Court affirmed the decision of the District Court.

McTigue, recently convicted of manslaughter at Hawthorne, has been delivered at the State Prison to serve out his ten-year sentence.

The Good Templars of Reno had a supper and dance the Nevada Theater last evening, which was greatly enjoyed by all present.

A seedy looking individual helped himself to a dozen fine shirts that were piled up in front of Jamison's dry goods store this morning.

SHOULD BE SUPPRESSED.

A Tribute to Reno's Rising Generation.

RENO, Feb. 16, 1889.

EDITOR GAZETTE: Now that the serious annoyance of the "high hat" has been settled through the noble efforts of our learned statesmen, we would like to suggest through the columns of your paper, that a bill be presented before the Legislature for the maintenance of order and respect in our theaters, and also that a suitable place be provided, (say a kindergarten school) for the accommodation of young men of twenty years or more, such as are amused during Madame Urbain's concert last evening, by playing hide and seek in the gallery and private boxes, throwing beans, humming snatches of "Home, Sweet Home," "Swanee River," making cat-calls, etc., to their great pleasure and to the extreme annoyance of those who were there to listen to and encourage home talent. Had Madame Urbain dropped the curtain upon the audience who tolerated such disrespect, it would have been a fitting rebuke. Instead of which, however, every number in the programme was faithfully given. Truly Reno should be proud of some of her young men.

PATRON.

"THE KING'S FOOL."

At McKissick's Opera House Tues-

day Night.

At the Opera House next Tuesday night the Couried Company will appear in the romantic opera entitled "The King's Fool." The plot of the piece is absorbing interest, and the music pure and strong. It is a good solid piece, far above the ordinary light and trashy operas of which we have had a surfeit. Even the first act contains a strong scene, and much that follows show great pathos and tenderness. There is also much that is laughable and droll. An attractive part is that in which appear the Viennese female fencers. They do some good work, and work that would make them dangerous were swords placed in their hands and an enemy before them. The scenery carried by the company is fine and the stage setting excellent.

The box sheet is now open. There is sure to be a packed house.

GENERAL FILE.

A. B. 97, by Springmeyer—An Act to establish the boundary lines between Douglas, Lyon and Ormsby counties. Referred to the three counties' delegations.

Petition, by Springmeyer, from citizens of Smith Valley, Lyon county, to be annexed to Douglas county was read and filed.

A. B. 98, by Allen of Storey—An Act to amend Section 14 of an Act providing for the care of the insane of Nevada. Referred to Committee on State Institutions.

S. B. 21—An Act regulating the insurance of companies and compels them to report statements to the State Controller. [Refers to foreign companies.] Referred to Judiciary Committee.

S. B. 45—An Act prescribing what shall constitute actual residence.

Senate joint and concurrent resolution 10—Relative to hydrographical and topographical surveys. Referred to Judiciary Committee.

Senate joint memorial and resolution relative to amending Section 2 of Article 9 of the Constitution of the State of Nevada. Referred to Committee on Ways and Means.

GENERAL FILE.

A. B. 36—An Act to provide for the publication and preservation of Supreme Court reports. Indefinitely postponed.

A. B. 95—An Act to amend an Act to regulate compensation of certain county officials. [Refers to Nye county.] Passed.

A. B. 90—An Act to provide for the copying of the Assembly journal. Passed.

A. B. 81—An Act relative to providing revenue for the State of Nevada. [Refers to the non-taxation of mortgages.] Referred to the Judiciary Committee.

A. B. 94—An Act to further provide for the commitment of insane to the State Asylum. Passed.

S. B. 42—An act requiring District Attorneys to make certain reports to the Attorney-General. Referred to Judiciary Committee.

At 12 m. recess taken till 1:30.

Proceedings of Thursday After-

noon.

SENATE.

S. B. 50; authorizing school bonds from Hawthorne district. Ordered engrossed.

A. B. 42; an act relating to elections.

PASSED.

Senate joint and concurrent resolu-

tion No. 12; amending the constitu-

tion. Passed.

A. B. 35; relating to official salaries.

PASSED.

FIRST READING.

A. B. 69; an act to prevent shearing sheep inside the city limits. Referred to Committee on Agriculture.

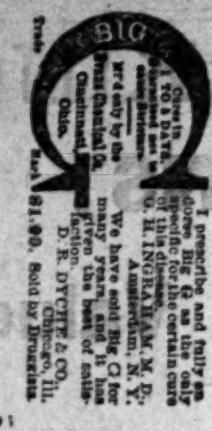
A. B. 32; relating to official salaries.

Referred to Judiciary Committee.

Adjourned.

ASSEMBLY.

The entire afternoon session of the House was taken up yesterday in discussing a proposition to transfer \$35,000 from the school fund to the Reno University fund. It was amended so as to put it into the Distributive School fund and passed.

**S. JACOBS OIL
FOR ACES AND PAINS.**

Sure Cures of Recent Date.

417 W. Lombard St., Suite, MA.

Toothache. June 9, 1882.

Brought of sleep by toothache; swelling great for relief; used 2 applications of St. Jacobs Oil; soon relieved; went to sleep.

JOHN HODGKINSON.

Pains in Chest. New Richmond, O. June '81.

Had pains in chest over lungs; suffered great pain.

After 2 applications of St. Jacobs Oil, pain

permanent.

J. MADISON.

Gout. Elizabethtown, Tex., June 21, 1882.

Had bad case of gout; suffered one year; had a

weak foot; could not walk.

W. C. MARSHALL, JR.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, MD.

IN HIS OWN COIN.**Mrs. Palmer Teaches Her Husband a Much-Needed Lesson.**

Nellie Palmer was lying on the lounge in her pretty bed-room, crying and looking very unhappy. And yet she had been married only six months, and to such a "nice, handsome man," as all the young ladies declared, that surely she ought to be happy with him. And so she had been until, to tell the truth, Bob Palmer, forgetting, or seeming to forget, that he was a married man, had recently taken to flirting with those very young ladies at all the parties in Middleton, leaving his wife to take care of herself. Surely it was enough to make any six-months' wife cry, especially one so sensitive as Nellie.

Not that Robert Palmer loved his little wife a bit less than on the day of his marriage, neither that Nellie suspected him of it, or for a moment doubted his constancy. But Mr. Palmer was a gay young man, and loved to amuse himself and to be amused.

"Ho! ho! been crying again, I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Bob Palmer, suddenly ceasing his little whistle, as he entered the room on returning from his office. "What's the matter now, Nellie? Canary refused to sing, or Mme. Vigilini not put flowers enough in your bonnet?"

"Oh, Bob! how can you?" sobbed Nellie, beginning afresh. "If you knew how much a wife thinks of her husband's love and—"

Here poor Nellie broke down. Mr. Palmer's eyes opened very wide.

"Whoow!" whistled he; "if this isn't really absurd. So she's jealous!"

"Indeed, no, dear Bob! But—but!"—she could hardly speak for the choking in her throat—"you can't understand the pride a woman takes in having her husband treat her with affection and respect before everyone, or how it humbles and mortifies her to be neglected by him and have other women consider themselves her rivals—like Isabel Baden."

Bob Palmer laughed outright, and then he grew angry.

"You're an absurd little fool, Nellie," he said. "As if Isabel Baden were any thing to me beyond a pleasant and agreeable young woman to amuse one's self with at a party. Nonsense!"

"She don't think so," said Nellie; "and the others don't think so. They all think you are getting tired of your wife, and Isabel flatters herself that she has cut me out, and is trying to let people see it."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Bob, rising impatiently from the lounge. "I'm astonished at you, Nellie, and had really given you credit for more sense, as well as temper," he added, severely. "I wish you'd amuse yourself in society, as I do, instead of moping about in this fashion. You can't expect to have me tied to your apron strings; and I'd much rather see you flirting a little yourself than skulking away in holes and corners like a spider, watching your butterfly of a husband to see if you can detect him in doing wrong. You make me quite ashamed of you, I declare."

Mr. Palmer took his hat and walked out of the room, with an air of mingled dignity and injured innocence. His wife sat up, wiped away her tears, and mused awhile, with eyes flashing and cheeks flushed with wounded and indignant feeling.

"Yes," she said to herself, "since he has requested it, I will amuse myself as he does, and see how he likes it. Ashamed of me! He and he did not use to be so when I was gay and happy. Oh, Bob, if you only knew how I loved you!"

And once more, despite her reluctantly closing her eyes and pressing her fingers upon them, the tears would come.

There was, however, that very evening, a party at Colonel Johnston's, and Nellie took particular pains in dressing herself for it. She had been of late rather careless on this point, and was now rewarded for her extra care by her husband's glance of approval and his remark that the pink silk was becoming to her. In consequence her eyes and cheeks were brighter, and her spirits more buoyant as she entered Mrs. Johnston's crowded drawing-rooms. Scarcely had they paid their respects to the hostess when Mr. Palmer accosted, or rather was accosted by Miss Baden, a brilliant, confident girl, who tried to ensnare him before his marriage, and at the same moment a gentleman addressed Mrs. Palmer.

She answered mechanically, unable to withdraw her attention from her husband and his companion until, seeing something in Miss Baden's glance at herself which she did not like, her pride again awoke, and she turned, as with a sudden determination, to the gentleman at her side. He was a recent comer to the town, very pleasant and handsome, and Nellie Palmer forthwith began to try and make herself agreeable to him. He looked so pleased, and was himself so agreeable, that it soon cost her no effort to converse; and then her old lively spirits returned; and, to her surprise, she found that she was enjoying herself.

Her husband didn't much notice this, but Miss Baden did; and her flirtation with Mr. Palmer lost much of its charm, now that his wife did not appear mortified and jealous, and that people couldn't see that she was so. Wherefore Miss Baden grew indifferent, and Mr. Palmer brought himself to look after his wife. Not finding her looking over the photograph albums, nor talking to deaf old Mr. Brown, neither in any of the "holes and corners" which she was wont of late to frequent, he became rather puzzled.

"She's got in the dumps again, I suppose," was his thought, "and is trying to disguise it under the pretense of being ill. Dare I say I shall find her crying or fainting away in the conservatory, with fans and smelling bottles round her, or perhaps she's gone home?"

At that instant a little laugh at his elbow started him, and turning, he saw Nellie, bright and flushed, talking to a very handsome man, who appeared quite absorbed in her. Mr. Palmer stared a moment at the unconscious couple.

"Why, the deuce!" was his thought, "what on earth can they have been talking about all this while?" There suddenly meeting his wife's eye he smiled and whispered: "Enjoying yourself, Nellie?"

"Oh yes, dear, delightfully! Don't trouble yourself about me, pray."

He passed in, but didn't go far, and as he stood, whispering soft nothings to sentimental Kate Marshall, his eyes occasionally wandered to his wife. How pretty she was looking, and how gay she was, and how coquettishly she was exchanging light repartees with the smiling fellow Tom Harrison. And at the same time the handsome stranger never left her side. He was perfectly evident that he admired her.

"If she were not a married woman he would certainly fall in love with her; she, my wife," and he felt a little resentful of the admiration.

Nellie Palmer had never sung more sweetly or danced more gracefully than on this evening.

"Don't you think, Nellie, you have danced enough for one night?" said her husband toward the close of the evening, "for a married woman?" he added.

"Perhaps so," she answered, cheerfully, "but I've enjoyed myself so much! Really, I almost forgot I was a married woman, and felt like a girl again."

"And behaved like one," he said, rather coolly. "Who is that fellow that has been in attendance upon you all the evening?" he inquired, as they walked down stairs.

"That remarkably handsome man, with the expressive dark eyes, do you mean?"

"I never noticed his eyes or that he was

at all handsome," he answered stiffly.

"Oh, I thought you meant Captain Lovell of the artillery. Ah, here he is just now, I think, dear, I quite forgot."

And Nellie spoke a few words to the Captain in passing, of which her husband could distinguish only something about "the book."

"Upon my word," he said, sarcastically, "you appear very intimate already."

"Because, love, we've discovered that we're congenital friends."

We like the same things: books, music, scenery; indeed, every thing, and have the same opinions on most subjects. You know how pleasant it is to meet with one who can comprehend you, not 'your outer self merely, but with a sort of soul sympathy."

"Soul! What's that?"

"It's never had much sentiment, Bob," sighed Nellie, in an injured tone.

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